THE GRAVE

The Secret of Dunrayen Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE, Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc

CHAPTER III-(Continued.)

As this, the hero of the hour, appeared before friends, a soft rustling stirred the throng. Fair faces lit up with pleased surprise, and Mrs. Crecy's soft eye settled upon him with eloquent satisfaction.

Lord Inchape shaded his joyless coun-tenance with one hand. He too might have had a son!

The play went on, to the tripping progression of the music which ushered in the fluttering fairles.

They seemed to pour out of the shining palace upon the moon-bathed lawn, and with rhythmic motions and wreathing arms to weave themselves into a labyrinthine dance, in and out, and round and about again, with the captive as a center and inspiring theme. The captive pleaded most eloquently, in dumb-show for freedom, but they only whirled around the faster, and mocked him with delicate peals of elfin laughter.

These sylphicles were the daughters of neighboring gentry, there present, and looking on with critical complacency.

For weeks past they had haunted Dorimant to rehearse their roles, under the tutelage of a certain Signora, premiere danseuse of Royal Opera, who had condescended to run down from London for the purpose; later they had united their genius and energy to arrange the floral scenes; for the fairy extravaganza had been composed by Auberon Crecy, and they worshiped him from afar with all their guileless hearts.

It was only yesterday that he had arrived at Dorimant, after a two years' absence, so that his elves' perfection in their parts was as much a surprise to him as it was to the spectators. As for Loveday Dellamere, whom the o'd Duchess so generously presented to him as his future wife, he had not caught one glimpse of her yet, athough she was the queen of his fairles, for whose sake he had written the vaudeville. In vain he had inquired for his old-time playmate; she was not to be seen about Dorimant after his arrival, and his unavoidable engagement prevented him from following her to the Pavilion, her mother's residence.

But Auberon knew who was coming when he heard a long-drawn violin note like an elfin horn, and all the dancing fairies sank down to their knees, looking upward at a single fay, more airy and elfin than any of them, who came floating out of a giant calla cup and down to earth; it was Loveday—but Loveday after some breath of enchantment had blown over her and transformed her into a beautiful woman, with woman's mystic power.

She was a golden blonde, her flowing tresses seemed to be saturated with yellow sunshine; her eyes were purely sapphire, with fire in their depths; her countenance was a perfect oval, with cheeks so pure a rose that the brilliance of her eyes was increased tenfold, while her delicately aquiline nose gave dignity to her hab tual expression of arch mockery. Her form was a ravishing petite; she was a lovesome, attractive creature, created for love and happiness.

Having descended to earth, she paused moment in an inimitable attitude, with hor bright head on one side, and a sparkling roguery in her eyes, while she scrutinized the intruding earthling who had fallen into her power. The elfin host still humbly knelt in a glittering semi-circle, the flowers of fairyland glowed in a rainbow cordon around them; but all the silvery light seemed to gather about the Queen, as she hovered alone before the captive.

Auberon gazed at his o'd-time playmate with eyes that gradually deepened until they were almost black.

Astonishment at her superb develop-

ment was his first sensation, then, as his artist-eyes marked all and drank it in, a smile grew in their clear depths so wonderfully sweet and exulting, that the girl turned her head away with a moment's delicious timidity, fluttered and fascinated. Involuntarily the youth stretched out his hand to touch hers, forgetting his role—which sign of her power instantly restored her self-possession; and she eluded him with a peal of the smallest, silveriest elfin laughter that mortal ear ever caught, and with a wave of her wand that sent her attendants drifting well out of the way, she spread her arms as if they were wings, and bounded into her pas de zephyr.

The trumpets blew a wild measure that made the heart beat faster, while he floated round and round the limits of the mead; now you caught the flash of her eyes, now her tresses spun an aureele about her head, and her white arms seemed to sustain her airy figure midspace. Most intricate was the dance, the time rapid and precise, and the steps absolutely twinkling; so light those winged flights, she seemed to float on the moon beams of fairy-land, marking, with delicate precision, each refluent pulse of the music, and each flying bound shook out a shower of silvery chimings from the fringes of tiny bells that edged her

This pretty sight was watched in breathless delight by the company, but with deeper emotion by one or two among them.

Lord Incheape gazed upon this gay sprite in all her exultant beauty and Joyance, and his own sorrow and loneliness pressed heavily upon him. Where was as this sweet girl? And he thought of Sleat-na-Vrecken, with its swollen seas around it, and the blasts that swept them into wrath: of the old tower walls. forgotten in far England, within which he had imprisoned unhappy Engelonde, with no consolation save his child to

And he thought of the man who had come into his life to spoil it; who had stolen the errant fancy of his wife; who had fastened a stigma upon his public character; who had poisoned five long rears of the best of his life; and again he looked round upon all this gayety

and re oicing, which mocked his desola-tion, and beheld his enemy.

A stranger was just gliding his sinuous way among the chairs to the front -a tall, lithe, dark man of thirty-live. with a suggestion of foreign travel about his dress and the un-Eng ish fashion of his beardless face and enormous coalblack mustache His picturesque person and inscrutable countenance attracted many an examining giance; but he met no eye, nor looked to right or left as he wound pliantly forward: he seemed oblivious of all save the pretty danseuse

Not until he had reached the very

front did he pause; there he teaned against the corner panel by the mimic stage, folded his arms, and gave himself up to the pleasure of gazing at Loveday

Lord Inchcape was white as death as he shrank back in the shadow of a curtain, and a gloomy fire glowed in the eyes which he fastened upon the man who had robbed him of wife and reputa-

Loveday's dance went on. From time to time she flung a timid g'ance at Auberon, noting every change. Two years had passed since she had seen him; he had then been her intimate and endeared companion, capable now of teasing her with all boyish pranks, and now of subduing her by his dreamy, visionary moods; but whatever he did. his goodness always remained, to rivet her innocent love. She saw him now in the glorious springtide of manhood, gifted and fascinating; and as she stole these shy glances and perceived how calm and serious though kind his look was, woman's ambition for the first time fired her soul, and she resolved that he should feel her maiden power.

Then her whole aspect changed as if she was inspired; she slackened the airy velocity of her steps to an undulating motion, she slowly outstretched her white arms, her head sank back—she raised her softening eyes upward with a look of solemn fervor; she seemed to be wooing down some transcendent spirit from the heavens.

She made an impassioned picture! The effect was overwhelming.

Forgetting that she was an amateurforgetting everything save her beauty and inspiration, the spectators burst into a storm of applause; in a moment the stage was sprinkled with a drift of flowers, torn from the ladies' bouquets and the gentlemen's coats.

But Auberon? Her heart sank—he had ceased to smile at her, his beautiful face expressed severity and surprise; clearly, he thought her bold to display herself in that moment of supreme fascination save of those who loved her.

She suffered a moment of suffocating shame, but recovered herself sufficiently to finish the dance; but t'e sweet flush faded from her cheek, her eyes were hidden beneath the golden lashes; more languidly she revolved to the lengthening adagio of the music, as if oppressed 'neath the weight of that austere gaze; at last she sank to earth in a final curtsy, rose softly and glided behind her fairy companions and was lost to

The dark stranger, who had devoured with his eyes her every motion, when she was no longer visible, drew a faint sigh and passed his hand over his face, as if awakening from a dream; and not till then did he appear to realize his surroundings, and cast a leisurely, careless glance around.

The first eyes he met were Lord Inchcape's.

The deadly foes were face to face, Neither spoke; each scanned the other's ashen countenance keenly. Inchcape's was fierce and bitterly scornful, the lightning of his eye made the other quall, and then rage and sicken with impotent revolt at the open insult of such a look.
"Go!" said the Earl—one deep-toned

word, like a knell. In the rustling, gathering music of the elfin march, to which the elves were now sweeping round the stage, the brief colloquy was lost to all ears save those of Mrs. Creey and Mrs. Dellamere who sat nearest. Ever since the stranger's appearance they had remained motionless, pale and trembling, and holding each other by the hand.

At sight of the raging, demoniac face, of Lord Inchcape's foe, Laura Dellamere's hand had dropped cold and languid from Mrs. Crecy's, and she sank back with a stifled moan and closed eyes. For once they had loved, there wo; 'twas a first love!

"Go!" said Lord Incheape. "My lord!" writhed the other.

"Out, caitiff!" He advanced flaming eye upon him; the man recoiled, then tried to make a stand, but could not face that scorching gaze, and cowered backward from before him, step by step, writhing, and wincing, teeth gnashing and knees knocking together all down the aisle, to the side door, the earl marching upon him with an irresistible front; and so out at the door,

both of them, and the door shut. "So much for Richard Accrington!" exclaimed she; "thrust out from the presence of honorable men. Think you he would have wriggled away like a driven serpent if guilt had not made a coward of him? He is a convicted villain before all Salford."

She ceased her hot speech and looked

closer: Mrs. Dellamere had fainted in

CHAPTER IV. "WHERE IS ENGELONDE INCHCAPE?"

Lord Incheans and Richard Accrington faced each other outside the door. They were in the wide, lonely garden beside the house. A broad harvest moon revealed them to each other dis-

The earl stood pale and majestic, his eye flaring. Colonel Accrington was panting and livid, his heart aglow with the fire of hell. "You have insulted me in the face of

all Salford—how shall you give me sat-isfaction for all this?" demanded Accrington. "Sir, I owe no satisfaction to a-liar,"

returned Inchcape, contemptuously. The Colonel started at the epithet and muttered a furious curse.

"Wherever I find you presuming to mix with honest men, I shall drive you out in the same way," continued the earl.

"Wait, my lord," snarled Accrington, bringing his convulsed face near enough to mutter in a lower tone: "Since you attack me, I accept the struggle. In my return here I had not dreamed of encountering you-I thought you had turned monk or something of the sort. But now-I shall wring out the last drop of your heart's blood before I am done with you-on the faith of Accrington, I

"If you do not rid me of your contaminating presence at once, I shall be obliged to soil my hands by dealing Aersonal chastisement open you—on the faith of Inchcape, I will!" retorted the

The click of the door beside him put a stop to the dialogue; Accrington hurrie i away, reeling at every step, and vanished among the leafy alleys.

It was Squire Crecy who had dared to follow his old friend: he was all abroad. and understood nothing of what had transpired. Truth to tell, bluff Hal Crecy was better at topping a fence in a hunt than in following anything obscure in the intercourse of his fellow men, for he was the most accomplished M. F. H. (Master of the Fore Hunt) and the simplest-minded, loyal gentleman in all County Salford.

He found Incheape standing like a statue of Michael after taving driven Satan away. "Wh-where's the fellow gone?" cried

jolly Crecy, looking about with big round eyes, "Wasn't that Dick Accrington who went out with you?"
Inchcape looked at him in silence.
After all, what right had he to act upon his own private experience of Accring-ton's character? If he made accusation against him, what proof could he bring? None-he could only blazon forth the fact that a stigma was attached to his own character, and throw open the bit-

ter secret which he had kept so long to

a sneering, credulous world.

Crecy thought he was in one of his black moods, and forgot all about Ac-

crington.
"All that nonsense is too much for you, my lord; I dare say your tired of it. Said he apologetically: "Ye see, the young folks they like fun and frolic; comes natural to 'em; but a little of that goes a long way with us old fellows. Come and have a smoke in my snuggery?" He slipped his hand through Inchcape's arm, and was leading him off; but Inchcape took the kind hand between his own and wrung it with a sudden revulsion of feeling.

"God bless you, Hall you're a good fellow as ever breathed!" said he "Go on in to your guests and enjoy yourself with your good wife and noble son; that's the most natural place for you. But I can't stand it, Hal; I was a fool to come. My day was bright, too, while it lasted, but it's gone—what have I to do with music and dancing, mirth and beauty? Don't stop me, man, my heart's

He looked in the jevial, kind, grieved face of his friend for a moment, the n turned away hastily.

"Make due apologies to Mrs. Crecy for me," he added, over his shoulder, "and tell your boy to look among his gifts; he'll find that sour old Inchcape hasn't forgotten him."

Hestrode away, and the squire fetched a great sigh before he obeyed him, and

then went back to his guests. The good company's attention was at present somewhat diverted from Fairyland; there was a good deal of startled whispering, and odd glances interchang-Nobody quite knew what had happened; for the departure of Lord Inchcape and the stranger, whom a few de-clared to be Colonel Accrington, had been so abrupt, swift and silent, that the repressed tragedy of it was only guessed at by the few who had obtained a partial view of their two stormy faces. As Squire Crecy came in without either of his friends, but with rueful countenance, a sturdy old fellow waylaid him to ask in a hoarse whisper:
"What's in the wind, Hal?"

"Eh?" cried simple Hal. "Hellos! I "Eh?" cried simple Hal. "Helloa! I say Archerfield, wasn't that—"
"My nephew, Dick Accringtou?" chimed in the old man, a rear admiral, whose summer residence was in the neighborhood; "just what I was going to ask you. Where is he gone?"
"Blessed if I know," growled the old sea-dog, whose mansion at Blackrock was a wonderful old barrack, crammed

was a wonderful old barrack, crammed with curios from many a foreign clime who was a malignant bachelor, and who was the constant associate of all the young bloods who came to his country

in the season.

Here a burst of applause from those who were dutifully watching the doings on the stage, recalled the jolly pair to a sense of propriety, and the lucid con-ference was over. Scuire Creev lounged along to his wife, and found her bending anxiously over Mrs. Dellamere, concealing her pale face from those around

"Helloa! hey?" blurted jolly Hal as usual, opening his big, innocent eyes, "Hush, dear!" whispered Mrs. Crecy, flinging him a very wifely smile in the midst of her troubles: "take no notice of us, just hide us a minute with your blessed broad back. Laura was overcome with the-the-"I'm warm myself," declared the

Squire, obligingly finishing her sentence. "Incheape had enough of it—sent his duty, ye know, and all that -gone home."

"You saw him?" questioned Mrs. Crecy, with beating heart. He nodded cheerfully.

"Where was the other gentleman?" "Saw nobody e'se, and yet I'm quite sure they went out together."

She signed him to his place as screen;

her anxiety was allayed. Accrington must have shrank away from the face of his injured enemy. The Squire obligingly dropped the puzzle, sat down, and turning his beaming eyes upon the "younglings," began to nod his head and tap his foot in time to the music.

| The property of A DRUN | INVENTORY OF A DR

Mrs. Dellamere opened her languid | A clapboard cupboard without crocks, eyes and smiled palely upon her friend. "Oh, Laura, Laura!" murmured Alice, mournfully. Mrs. Dellamere bit a little color into her lips, smiled more natural-

ly, and sat up.
"He is gone; they are both gone," said she, looking around the room. She lost color again and sank back with a stifled sigh. Mrs. Crecy saw all with a bleeding heart.

Laura loved Richard Accrington, or she could not suffer such anxiety on his account.

The fairy fantasy was drawing to a close; troops upon troops of elves and gnomes were filing upon the grassy mead to the joyous fanfare of the trumpets, while the fairy queen was seen leading the liberated captive in triumph to the gates of dawn, through which shone the mountains and distant seas of earth, all touched with the earliest rose of sunrise. Loveday and Auberon were hand in hand; they seemed so quiety, entirely content that no one could look upon them without observing their utter fitness for each other. Both fair as mediæval angels; so young and fresh and joyous—Nature herself

enggested the union. The two mothers regarded them with emotion; perhaps they had already seen the probability, but never before had it impressed itself so strongly upon them. Involuntarily they exchanged an elo-quent glance; each saw entire acquiescence in the other's eyes; it was a sweet

moment to the old-time friends. A general murmur about them expressed the pleasure of the company in the arrangement; the ancient Carisbrooks reiterated ber prophecy audibly.

A stifled sigh behind them caused Alice and Laura to glance that wavthey beheld, with far different feelings, the dark and scowling face of Accring-

He had a hand placed on the back of each lady's chair, and stood thus close to the hostess with as assured a front as if he had been the most welcome guest present. Resolved to face down the effect of Inchcape's insult before witnesses had an opportunity to come to a unanimous opinion in discussion among themselves, and, trusting to their ignorance of the real circumstances, he had calmly walked in through the very door by which he had been expelled, as soon as he saw Lord Inchcape's departure; and here he was, drinking in with passionate delight the fresh young loveliness of the Fairy Queen: and scowling jealously upon the too handsome youth who seemed, by common verdict, to be her chosen mate.

As the two ladies turned around, Colonel Accrington met their startled gaze with a soft and melancholy smile. "Am I indeed such a torgetten exile that the Graces cannot recognize me?" breathed he. His voice was low and expressive, his manner chivalrous. Few ladies could have withstood his power, when he chose to exert it; but these ladies had memories concerning him that fortified them.

"You must pardon my amazement," said Mrs. Crecy, icity; "I certainly never expected Richard Accrington to visit Salford again."

did not extend her hand; the Colonel bit his lips in chagrin, and bowed low to conceal the tell-tale omission from the on-lookers. It had become an object of ambition to him to stand well with Salford; if he could not compel this popular woman to receive him under her roof, he would commence his intended career there heavily weighted by suspicion. He knew Inchcape's lofty pride which would not permit him to expose

the cause of their enmity; and if no one else knew that secret of the past he believed that he could have his will in Sal-

ford "You have seen the silly, bewitched moth fluttering round the flame," said he, softly, and Mrs. Dellamere caught his insinuating side glance; "during my weary absence from old England, Sal ford was my flame, for there I had left my treasures of friendship and hope. I have dared to be true to the past; I have come back to my flame."

Mrs. Crecy was silent, for the first time in her gentle life a sneer curled her

Mrs. Dellamere forced herself to speak with bland indifference. "How absence from bull dog Eng'and polishes one! Or is it your dip omatic life

Accrington revenged the mockery by bending and looking her in the eyes with a lurking devil in his own. A small burning frame leaped up in her ivery cheek, she qualled and turned from him flercely. fervor to your style?" fiercely.

that has lent such French sentiment and

The amiable Mrs. Crecy observed this by-play with sickening apprehension; she was recalling the scene she had witnessed that last day five years ago, when Richard Accrington and Laura Della-mere had parted. To think that he could touch her heart-strings! Oh, proud Laurs, where is your haughty spirit now?

But he was her lover once, her first love, before her spendthrift father sold her to old Miles Dellamere, the cotton millionaire; Laura and Richard were once what Loveday and Auberon are now, playmates, companions—fitted by Nature herself to be each other's mates. Just now the play was done, the cur-tain down; friends clustered round them; Squire Crecy discovered the Colonel with a shout of welcome, and Archerfield stumped over to him with grim triumph and red fist extended. In the confusion the two ladies retired arm in arm from the theater, and sought the bijou green-room, where the syiphides and their queen were merrily chatting over their late efforts.

Why did Laura Dellamere draw her beautiful child to her bosom with such unwonted fervor, and nold her the against her neavily throbbing heart, while she dropped soft, silent kisses upon her silken hair and wondering,

Why did Mrs. Crecy, watching them, utter the swift, eager prayer in her heart, "Oh, God, protect the incocent?" They were remembering the rapt gaze of Richard Accrington—the passionate admiration, the stifled sigh with which he had watched little Loveday through

her fairy dance.

Richard Accrington was the son of a decayed gentleman of good birth; he had made his own way in the world, entered the army as ensign in the days of his nonage, poverty and love; was jilted by Laura Paget, daughted of a ruined baronet, and vowed to climb fortune's ladder, and wring her heart some day, served abroad with brilliant gallantry. served abroad with brilliant gallantry, and come home a colonel and a lion,

The first time they met after her perfidy, he chose a day, they say, when there was a grand muster of London's proudest in madam's splendid drawingrooms (they had parted with passionate kisses in the parlors of her father's tum-ble-down mansion) and he strode through the throng, his uniform and glittering medals opening a path for him wherever he would go, and a buzz of admiration following his infernal beauty and dis-tinguished celebrity.

So he stood before her, who had vow-ed by her maiden love to be true to him

forever, and he answered her stricken gaze with a smile as cruel as the grave. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPERANCE.

INVENTORY OF A DRUNKARD. Nine children without shoes or frocks, A wife that has not any bonnet With ribbon bows and strings upon it, Scolding and wishing to be dead

A tea-kettle without a spout, A ment-cask with the bottom out, A "comfort" with the cotton gone And not a bed to put it on : A handle without any axe, A backel without wool or flax; A not-lid and a wagon hub. And two ears of a washing tub.

Three broken plates of different kinds, Some mackerel tails and bacon rinds; A table without leaves or legs— One chair and balt a dozen pegs; One oaken keg with hoops of brass, One tumbler of dark green glass; A fiddle without any strings, A gunstock and two turkey wings.

O readers of this inventory, Take warning by its graphic story; For little any man expects. Who wears good shirts with buttons on 'em, Ever to put on cotton checks. And only have brass pins to pin 'em!
'Tis, remember, little stitches Keep the rent from growing great, When you can't tell beds from dite Warning words will be too late. -Alice Cary.

WHO MAKES IT?

"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it. replied the chief, and he fixed "Au, yes," replied the chief, and he had an expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "We Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."—The Indian Helper.

INEBRIATES ARE LIARS.

One influence it has on the morals which stands out pre-eminent. One of the most distinctive features of habitual and periodic nebriety is an utter disregard for truth on the part of many inebriates. Females lose the sense of truth even more completely than do males. Seen in the very act of laying down the just emptled glass, lady pa-tients have coolly and solemnly denied to me that they had partaken of the contents. The perception of truth seems to be de-stroyed by alcoholic indulgence; the consciousness of truth seems lost in the devotee of Bacchus. Even when temporarily sober the brain may be so dominated by the alco-holic obliquity to truth that no reliance can be placed on any statement made by the man or woman whose sole being has, as it were, been steeped in alcohol.—Dr. Norman Kerr.

A TEMPERANCE ARGUMENT. "With our day's energies and opportunities we may buy the lowest or the things. In one sense it is not true that we carry nothing out of the world. We carry out of the world all we ever had in it, transmuted into noblity or degradation of the spirit. The supreme test to be applied to any habit or course of conduct is its rela-

tion to our power of turning the things of the earth into 'the true riches.'

"It is by this test that the indulgence in strong drink is decisively condemned. The best medical authorities, and those not committed to any total abstinence theories, unite in saying that one of the principal psycho-logical effects of alcohol is to loosen the delicate and firm grasp of the will upon the pas-sions. It gives a slack rein to the lower na-ture. It is only through holding the forces of the lower nature in absolute subordina tion to reason and conscience that it is pos-sible to turn life into truth, into pure affection for the excellent, into the service of man and the worship of God. "In most of us the control of the lower na-

ture by spiritual forces is too fitful and un-

steady; we do not sit on the throne of our own souls, masters of ourselves, and any in-

dulgence of any kind that gives the forces of

the lower life a freer rein assails the mastery through which alone there is the possibility of transmuting earthly life into the values of eternity."—Sacred Heart Review.

IN THE RANKS.

A CAVALRYMAN'S LIFE IN TH REGULAR ARMY.

A Hard Time at First-Learning to Drill and Ride-In the Barracks-Play Mixed With Work.

HE life of a soldier in the service of Uncle Sam is but vaguely understood by civilians, says W. J. Rouse in the New York Recorder. Many people imagine that the enlisted man has nothing much to do but to loaf around in warm barracks, eat good food in plenty, draw and spend his pay and worry his mind about nothing. His position is secure and his salary is certain, therefore what better could a man want?

This is doubtless the opinion of many men when they enlist as recruits, but before the two years neces sary to the making of a good soldier have elapsed he finds that soldiering is anything but a bed of roses.

After a citizen has signed the enlistment papers at the recruiting officer's office in the city, has been examined and accepted and assigned to a troop in the cavalry service—assuming that he has enlisted in that arm of the service-he is sent to the post where his troop is stationed. At Fort Riley (Kansas) there are detachments of recruits now in process of training for cavalrymen, and it is of their daily life that this article will treat. The recruit is either sent to the pos

from Fort Sheridan, Jefferson Barracks, David's Island or Columbus Barracks, according to the locality of his former home, and when he arrives at the post is sent to the recruit barracks. Lieutenant Lewis, of the Second Cavalry, is now in charge of recruits, and Sergeant Dolan, Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, one of the oldest men in the cavalry service, is their drill master. If the recruits arrive in citizens' clothes, uniforms and other clothing necessary to the soldier are given to them. The clothing is warm, substantial and well made.

The newcomers are put through a thorough medical examination by the surgeons, immediately upon their arrival and are all vaccinated. When ond Cavalry, is now in charge of re-

rival and are all vaccinated. When horse. He never imagined a man in charge. At 5.30 or 6 o'clock, as they are ready to begin soldier life in looked so well on a horse before. Of cording to the season of the year, supernest they are issued arms and course, he will be a rider, too, in a per is served in the mess hall, and horse to ride, nor are they placed at horses, move forward at a walk. Isn't once in the ranks of the troop to which | it delightful. Covering more distance they have been assigned, by any means. There is a probationary period ground pounding sand and without averaging sixty days, during which effort. the poor recruits wish they were safe at home again every time the sun goes down. Their instructions begin in a "trot!" very tame manner. A drill master takes them out upon the broad parade ground, surrounded on three sides by the quarters of the cavalrymen, and there puts them through their paces, in full view of the old soldiers, who "guy" them unmercifully at times. After they have been taught to stand in a comparatively straight line, to march in fours and in single file, they are taught a "setting up drill," which is a series of calisthen cexercises, tending to strengthen the muscles and give agility and suppleness to the body. They are a queer looking lot of men, when one sees them in the forenoon, in the parade ground, pumping their arms up and down like the fans of a windmill and turning this way and that as the drill master utters his sharp, authoritative commands. If the recruit is cumbersome or sluggish in his movements, or is inclined to be funny, means are always found to for support. The sharp eye of the of-

of the business and that without delay. the brain of the new men is that there is a very wide gulf between an officer and an enlisted man. He is educated to this fact carefully and thoroughly and is shown how properly to salute After marching, and facing, and

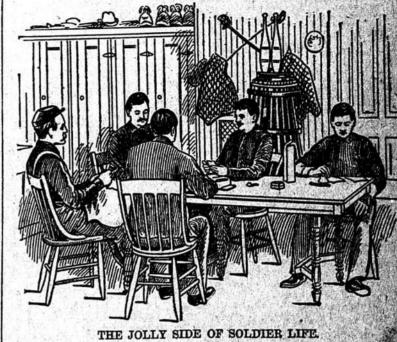
manual of the pistol is added. Days still has a little pluck left. elapse before he progresses to this ously at the big mess hall during this sit upon. He cannot stop, however,

pressive and he longs for the time to poor recruit "pounding sand" on that terrible parade ground as he has been doing.

But there comes a day when he is told that he is to have a horse. He hails it with delight. He has never been on a horse's back in his life, but he knows all about it, nevertheless. He will be a veritable centaur when he gets that horse. He draws his saddle and horse equipments and is told how to use them and to care for them, as well as to groom his horse properly. That is one of the things he didn't

he rides fairly well in the riding hall come when he will be able to look out and the period of galling unpleasant of his barracks and see some other ness is at an end. His education in riding, the use of sabre, carbine and pistol progress rapidly, and eventually, say at a period averaging about sixty days from his arrival at Fort Biley, he finds himself in his troop an "in-structed recruit," ready for any service which the troop may be called upon to perform. But he still has that odious name clinging to him and will have it until another detachment of recruits join the troop. Then he will be called a cavalryman and the newcomers will be recruits until the next detachment comes.

think of, but he finds that half an hour | Turning now to the old soldiers,



time.

every day, from 4.30 to 5 o'clock that is, all those who have serve in the afternoon, has to be spent at three years or thereabouts—and som the stables, and that if his horse is not of them have served nearly thirty—

day or two. The column of recruits, after that the men amuse themselves begins. But they do not have a fine mounted now upon regular cavalry in their quarters, playing cards, check-horse to ride, nor are they placed at horses, move forward at a walk. Isn't than they used to cover on the parade

The horses are wheeled into single file, and then comes the command



NO LONGER A NOVICE. The illusion of luxury is dispelled! That horse seems to come down stifflegged, all four at one time, and the recruit's anatomy receives such a succession of jars that his teeth clatter and he grabs the tree of the saddle make him look upon the serious side ficer is upon him, however, and he has to let go of that dear saddle in-One of the first facts that dawn upon stanter. Bumpety, bump, he goes he brain of the new men is that there around the big hall, time and again. Will the command "halt" never come?

Two hours of torture, and his forenoon's work is finished. When he gets off his horse his knees tremble an officer when necessary. This is a under him and he walks from choice lesson he never forgets, for it is put at a broad-gauge gait. When he sits into daily use as long as he is a soldier. down to his dinner the board benches seem to be full of lumps, spots become wheeling, and walking over the rough sore, and for a week he is in a frame parade ground until he is tired and of mind to prefer a hot griddle and stiff and sore, the recruit is given his harder than he ever noticed them to arms. He is taught the sabre and be before. He is experiencing some carbine drill dismounted and later the of the delights of soldiering, but he

The second day is worse than the point, however, and they are days of first, and he loses small portions of the hardest sort of work, which seem skin from the constant rubbing of the never to have an end. He eats raven- saddle. These to a cavalry saddle to

els, periodicals and magazines are to be found here in profusion, and in the society or amusement halls are billiard and pool tables, boxing gloves, fencing foils, dumb bells, etc., which are in constant use by the men. Of course other duty is to be performed other than the routine work. About every fifteen days the soldier is detailed for guard duty, and he may be detailed by the officers for special duty at any time. Some of the men, in most cases Swedes or Germans, work for the of-ficers during the hours they are free from duty in their troops. These men are in many cases looked upon with disfavor by their comrades for doing menial service, and the soldlers call them "dog robbers." There are some excellent men, however, who are not averse to earning almost double pay in this way, and it is a question whether their judgment is not b than that of the other men who look down such work as menial.

Some of the troops have literary as-sociations and libraries. Books, nov

The barracks are roomy, well ventilated, clean to a degree, and very comfortable. The cots are of iron with good mattresses and plenty of blankets. The rooms are all hested by steam, and are supplied with wash and bath rooms for the use of the men. Each barrack is under the charge of a first sergeant, who is responsible for the cleanliness of the rooms, as well as for the property of the troop. These non-commissioned officers have a room to themselves, in the same building with their troops. Troop messes were abandoned some

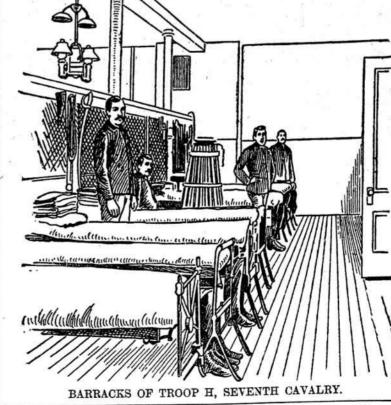
years ago at Fort Riley, and a consolidated mess was substituted. This derives some income from the canteen and store, but nothing very magnificent in the way of menu is served. There is beef and substantial food in plenty, and the men all admit that the quality is of the best, but a system of cooking by steam is in use here, and roast beef is unknown. Steam beef is to all intents and purposes like boiled beef, and boiled beef 365 days in the year is monotonous to say the least. The men have sweetened coffee, without milk, and bread without butter, at every meal. The officers agree that the Government ration should be so changed as to feed the men at least properly. The old ration, established for field use in war times, is still in vogue, and the men are allowed only about eleven cents a day for subsistence. There can be no doubt that radical changes are needed in the department, and ought to be made, if the sentiments and opinions of both officers and men amount to anything. As matters in the mess hall now are, the men frankly admit that no cause for desertion in the army is so strong as the mess hall Many of the men take their meals at the restaurant in the canteen, as long as their pay lasts. These men therefore are simply soldiering for their board, and not the best board at that. Aside from this one point, Fort Riley is an ideal military station. The buildings and everything in them is of the best, and the location of the post is one of the most delightful in the United States.

Young Woman's Hair Turned White.

weight. The tedium is becoming op- have an end, and within a few weeks (Me.) Transcript.

A Portland young lady received a few days ago a letter from a friend

who appealed for aid in finding something to restore the blackness of her hair. The friend had suffered almost unendurably from neuralgia in the head, and had tried many vaunted remedies. Finally she was advised to have her hair shaved or cut extremely close, and adopted this desperate measure. The result of the experiment has been that with its renewed growth the hair is appearing perfectly white, though it had been previously very dark, and the wearer is terribly chagrined at the unexand which he thought were nothing self, and he gets a worse pounding pected change. The effect upon the allied to work are beginning to have than ever. But all good times must neuralgia was favorable.--Portland



time, for he has not yet cultivated | for he has set out to be a soldier and that abhorrence for steamed beef that a soldier he will be if his flesh and will come to him later. He will see | bones hold out. the day when he will hate the sight of Before he is fairly accustomed to a cow alive or dead, and will not be on | the use of his feet in the stirrups, and speaking terms with a butcher for the just when he is beginning to catch remainder of his natural life. But he the knack of supporting himself upon hasn't attained that point yet. He them and relieve that terrible bumphas an appetite entirely out of propor- ing, his sabre and carbine are given tion to Government rations, and would him, and he is instructed in their use, eat three times his portion of every- | mounted. thing if he could get it. The easy

That is the last straw. He has no use of his hands to help balance himmarching and slow drills he has seen